Yer the Dealer, eh?

You are the one in charge of this madness. You have to come up with "adventures" and adjudicate the action as the game progresses. You also get to promote the kind of play you like and punish the kind of play you don't like by handing out (or witholding) matchsticks.

Dealing with a Table of BadAsses

There are times where you might not be in full control of a table full of actual badasses. The biggest trick is to give them a reason to go after each other. Throw a few easy kills their way, but make it obvious that the only way to get the easy kill is to be the first to act. Let them start fucking with each other instead of you.

Sit Them Down

When the game starts, you control the seating. The way the game works, players are going to want to be close to you (so it is easier for them to succeed), and they will probably want to sit to your left (so they go first).

Players can only change this seating order after a "round" has finished AND that player has earned a matchstick that "round". (If you hand out a matchstick when this shit isn't going down, then the seating can be re-arranged as soon as there's a reasonable break to do so).

So, reward your friends (and whoever bought the booze) and punish the fucker who keeps kissing your partner behind your back. That's your job.

Who Goes First?

When the action in the game speeds up, the mechanics usually slow it down. This is because you don't want to have to deal with everyone at the table yelling over each other to do something.

When the shit goes down, you decide if the characters you are running go first, or the Players go first. If your guys got the jump on the Players, go first, otherwise it's often nice to let them go first.

But you aren't the Dealer to be nice.

When do I Pitch?

As the Dealer, you never have to do something to determine if the characters you are running succeed or fail.

The assumption is they succeed at whatever they are doing to one of the Players unless that player can pitch their bullet to knock yours down.

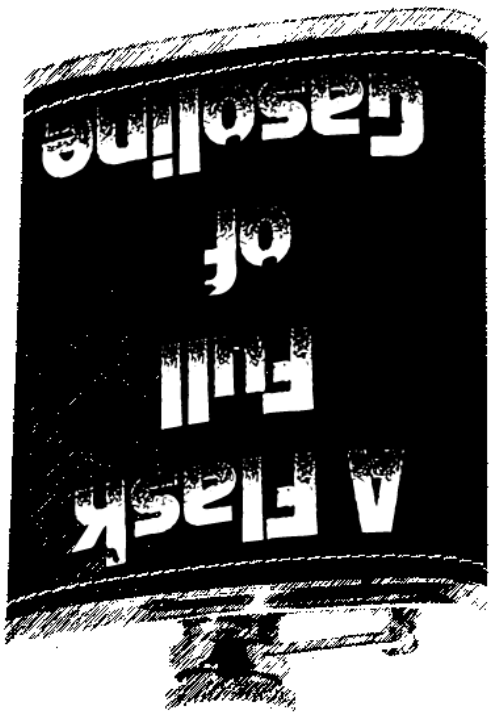
When Bad Shit Happens

If a Player fails to prevent bad shit from happening to them, they can either take a swig from the flask, or they can (and are expected to) scratch off one of the five traits on the back of their rules booklet.

When a Player does bad shit to one of the cast, you scratch off one of the victim's traits too. When someone has no traits left, they are out of the game (typically dead as fuck with brains leaking all over the pavement).

If they went out with style though, toss them a matchstick.

DEALER GETS HIS OWN BOOK



Pictures of Matchstick Men

Whenever someone does something awesome, give them a matchstick. At the very least, hand them out for killing people and blowing shit up. Others go out for wicked role-playing, saving someone's bacon, or totally stealing the glory from another player.

If you really want to fuck with your Players, make it harder to earn matchsticks for players closer to you. So the guy at the far end of the table just has to shoot the windows out to get his, but the guy to your left needs to leap over the crowd, light his own head on fire, and pop the target in the forehead while humming "In the Hall of the Mountain King".

Sample Cast

Keeton	- Runs a Website
Joe	- Owns a house - Has a wife and kids
Punk	- Is in a gang - Looks fucking tough
Cop	- Has a gun - Is the law
Triad	- Wears a badge - Walks like a bad-ass - Knows kung-fu - Is in a gang
SWAT	- Packing a nine - Wearing body armor - Has a gun - Has another gun - Combat training - Is the law

The Cast

As the Dealer, you run everyone else in the world besides the guys the Players are running. You run the cops, the triad bastards, and the screaming homeowners who haven't got a hope in hell.

Since real badasses have 5 traits, the little shits that are gonna get chewed up and spat out should have 1-2 traits, "hard" targets should have 3-4 traits, and the other real baddasses should have 5-7 traits. That Juggaloo in the bulletproof vest that just killed everyone on the police force (and ate their right eyes) and is now gunning for you? Yeah, motherfucker has 10 traits.